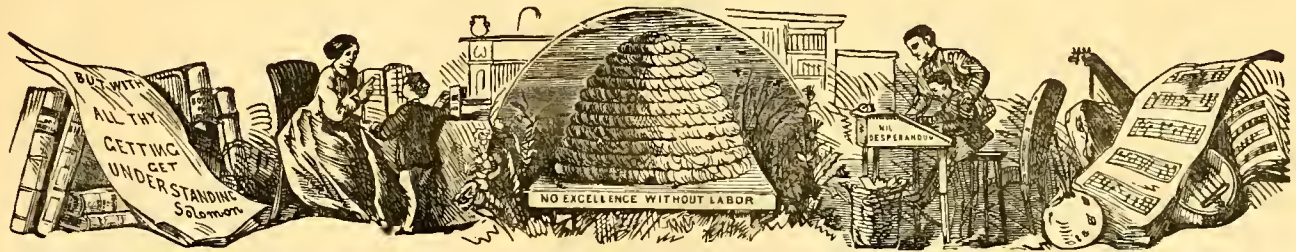


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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NO. 6.

SAMSON SLAYING THE LION.

PROBABLY there is no scripture story that is read with more interest than that of Samson. There is a great moral lesson to be learned from the entire narrative. Here is a man gifted with Herculean strength, who, in accordance with the providences of God, is placed in a position to govern Israel. This great physical power was needed in those days in a leader, as personal strength had much to do in inspiring confidence in the people who were governed. It is not so to-day. Kings and rulers can do more to create confidence in men by being in possession of great wisdom, knowledge and understanding.

History tells us of many men who were possessed of extraordinary strength; and even in our day there are men equal, if not superior, to the athlete who contended for prizes in the public arena, in ancient times.

But we, as Latter-day Saints, have to view the history of this great man, Samson, in a somewhat different light to what we would view that of any ordinary man. He was a man who had been especially raised up by God to do a great work in behalf of His covenant people. We may read the story in the 13th chapter of Judges. We find there that a man named Manoah had a wife to whom an angel of the Lord appeared. This angel told her she should bear a son, who would deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines.

This is the secret of the great power of Samson: the power of God was to be made manifest in him, the same as it can be in

any other man to whom God shall delegate that power. Now, there is one thing that is well worthy of notice: the angel of God told the woman who was to be the mother of the future savior of Israel—this man of great physical strength, named Samson—that she was to “drink no wine nor strong drink, neither eat any unclean thing: for the child shall be a Nazarite to God from the womb to the day of his death.”

We may judge of the importance of this principle of sobriety in a mother by the reiteration of this important truth, for he afterwards said again, “Of all that I said unto the woman let her beware. She may not eat of anything that cometh of the vine, neither let her drink wine or strong drink, nor eat any unclean thing: all that I commanded her let her observe.”

Children, read this history, and see what the Lord’s dealings used to be with Israel in ancient times. Then you may understand the cause of the great strength made manifest, as related by the ancient scribes (Judges xiv., 6): “And, behold, a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand.”

The Lord is again making manifest His power in the midst of us, who have taken upon us the name of Saints, and entered into covenant with Him. He has charged His Saints, in the revelation called the “Word of Wisdom,” to abstain from eating and drinking certain things which are injurious



and He has promised them a blessing if they will observe this law, which is that they shall have health and wisdom, and also that the destroying angel shall pass them by and not slay them. The Lord is just as able and willing to fulfill this promise as He was that made to the mother of Samson, and if we deserve it we shall certainly obtain it.

BOOK OF MORMON SKETCHES.

BY JAS. A. LITTLE.

(Continued.)

THE people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi took possession of the land of Jershon, and were called by the Nephites the people of Ammon. When they were established in the land of Jershon, and an army stationed on their borders, to protect them, in accordance with the treaty stipulations, it was found that an army of Lamanites had followed them into the wilderness. This army was met by the Nephites, and such a battle fought as had not been known before, from the time Lehi left Jerusalem. Tens of thousands of Lamanites were killed and scattered. There was also a great slaughter among the Nephites, which caused universal mourning and lamentation.

Alma, the historian, in part sums up the history of his people, during the first fifteen years of the reign of the judges, by saying that, during that period, many thousands of lives had been destroyed; that, while many of the bodies of those who were slain were buried, a great number were moldering in heaps upon the surface of the earth; and that many thousands of people were mourning for the loss of their kindred.

The sixteenth year of the reign of the judges passed in peace among the Nephites. Towards the close of the year 74, B. C., there appeared among them a man named Korihor. He denied the coming of Christ, the atonement and the resurrection. His teachings generally tended to weaken the sense of moral responsibility in man. Through them many were led away into all manner of wickedness. The law of the land was such that no man could be punished for his belief, but only for the crimes he might commit. Korihor commenced to preach his evil doctrines in Jershon, and the people took him before Ammon, who was high priest, and he was sent out of the land. He went into the land of Gideon and preached, but with little success. He was taken before Giddonah, the high priest of the church, and the chief judge of the province. He accused those in authority of evil practices, and reviled the principles of truth. No reply was made to him, but he was bound and taken by the proper officers to Zarahemla, before Alma, the chief judge of the nation. There he repeated his vile slanders and accusations, and denied the existence of a God. He demanded of Alma a sign before he would believe in God. Persisting in his wickedness, Alma assured him that if he denied again the existence of God he should become dumb, and never more open his mouth. Still persisting, he was struck dumb, and afterwards went from house to house begging his bread. Those who had believed him were convinced of their error, and returned again to the church. In going about the country, Korihor got among a people called Zoramites, where he was run upon, trod under foot and killed.

After the death of Korihor, the news reached Alma that the Zoramites were being led into idolatry by Zoram, their leader. This wickedness and division among his people made him very sorrowful. The Zoramites had gathered into a

land which they called Antionum. It was near the sea shore, east of Zarahemla and south of Jershon, and bordered on the south wilderness, which was occupied by the Lamanites. The Nephites were apprehensive that the Zoramites would join their interests with the Lamanites, and Alma determined to make an effort to reclaim them by preaching. For this purpose he took seven others with him and went among them. They found the people neglecting the ordinances of the church, and also the ceremonies of the Mosaic law. They had built synagogues of a peculiar construction, and instituted a form of worship, in which pride and self-righteousness were the predominant elements. After preaching to the poor of the Zoramites, who had been cast out of the synagogues by the more wealthy, Alma and his brethren went into the land of Jershon.

The rulers, priests and teachers of the Zoramites took private measures to ascertain the minds of the people. They found many who believed the teachings of Alma. These they banished from the land, and they went over into Jershon. The people of Ammon received them, ministered to their wants and gave them lands. The Zoramites were angry with the inhabitants of Jershon for receiving those they had cast out, and they joined the Lamanites in preparing for war against the people of Ammon and the Nephites. This took place at the close of the year 74, B. C.

To make room for the armies of the Nephites, the people of Ammon vacated Jershon and moved into the land of Melek. A war now commenced between the Nephites on one side and the Zoramites and Lamanites on the other. Alma, Ammon and the two sons of Alma returned to the land of Zarahemla. Alma was much grieved on account of the wickedness and contentions of his people. Apparently realizing that his earthly career was drawing to a close, he called his sons together to receive his counsels and instructions. From this time the Zoramites were considered Lamanites.

In preparation for the coming conflict, the Nephites concentrated their armies in the land of Jershon, and the Lamanites, under their leader, Zarahemnah, collected in large numbers in Antionum. There was a division of the Lamanites known as Amalekites, who were more wicked and vindictive than the rest of the Lamanites. That no element of success might be wanting in his anticipated attack upon the Nephites, Zarahemnah appointed his chief captains from among the Amalekites and the Zoramites.

While preparations were being made for this war, the prophet Alma called his sons together and gave them, one by one, much instruction and counsel. He commanded his son Helaman, to whom he entrusted the sacred records, to not reveal to his people, the Nephites, the secret oaths and covenants which were had among the Jaredites, for wicked purposes, and stated that they should be preserved to come forth at the proper time, that all who should live on this land might learn of the secret works of darkness among the Jaredites. He also spoke to Helaman about the ball or compass which guided their fathers in their journey from Jerusalem. Probably this compass, which the Lord gave to Lehi is the first of which history has furnished us an account.

As usual in the terrible wars between the two great divisions of the descendants of Lehi, the Lamanites were the aggressors. They were by heritage and tradition the bitter enemies of the Nephites. They seldom neglected an opportunity of manifesting that enmity. The Nephites ever seemed anxious to avoid war, and, when forced to, simply fought in self-defense. This attack appears to have been entirely unprovoked on their

part. The historian, Alma, states that the Lamanites were far superior in numbers to the Nephites. The Lamanites were a combination of Lamanites, Lemuelites, Ishmaelites and all who dissented from the Nephites.

MISSIONARY WORK IN THE SOUTH.

BY ELDER L. P. HELM.

ACCORDING to promise, I now take pleasure in writing a few lines with regard to my labors in the Southern States.

I consider I have been very successful since leaving home (Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co., Utah) on the 17th of June last. I have traveled in quite a number of Counties in Virginia, and for the past month have been traveling in Kentucky. The seven months I labored in Virginia in connection with Brothers Fife, Cowley and Benson, we baptized about fifty souls, who seem to be very strong in the faith and express a desire to gather to Zion, where they can mingle with and enjoy the great blessings promised to God's faithful Saints. I also had the very great pleasure of seeing a company of twenty souls leave that State for Utah.

I never forget to thank God for His great blessings bestowed upon His servants who are in the world battling for truth, honor and virtue, and for the establishment of His righteous purposes here upon the earth.

I have spent the last month in Kentucky in company with Brother McDonald (who, by the way, is a splendid Elder). We visit around amongst the people and preach whenever we can get a place to hold meeting.

There has been a great many lies and false reports circulated amongst the people here, consequently we have a great deal of prejudice to contend with. It seems to me sometimes that we could do as much good talking to stumps as we can to people where there is ignorance and prejudice combined; but I think there are some here that are honest, and will do all that is in their power to serve God when once they learn how. But it seems very hard to get them to understand the scriptures; but that is the fault of the ministers (and not the people) for when they get up to preach they mystify and spiritualize until the people become so confused they do not know which way to go or what to do; and when, in this dilemma, they make an appeal to the minister, their answer is only "Believe," without even telling them what to believe. According to the Apostle James, belief alone is the doctrine of devils; for he says (James ii., 19) "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble."

Now the people who are converted by sectarian preachers believe something, but when the majority of them are asked what they believe, they are at a loss to tell; and when we converse with them on religious subjects they get the scriptures jumbled up so that it is impossible to understand them. This is all caused by having those false teachers, who put their own private constructions upon the doctrines contained in the Bible; whereas, if they would do like Peter did on the day of pentecost there would be no trouble.

Well, what did Peter do? Let us examine the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and see. We find that Peter in his discourse convinced the Jews of the truth of the gospel, and that Jesus was the Christ. Then the people asked the important question, as the people do the ministers of to-day, "What shall we do?"

Well, what did Peter say, then? Did he tell them they should only believe?

O, no; but he told them to repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"Why, Peter?"

"Because the promise is to you and to your children and to all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Now, we don't hear any one preaching that kind of doctrine to-day but the Latter-day Saints, consequently the others must be preaching false doctrine. Paul preached the same doctrine that Peter did, and he said if any man preached any other doctrine than that already preached let him be accursed.

Unless you have been out in the world and amongst the various sects of warring, jarring Christianity, you can form but a faint idea of the dreadful state they are in.

We often meet with ministers of the different denominations. Of course, they have a great many questions to ask us; and we in turn sometimes ask them questions, which are rarely answered. As a general thing they do not want to see us more than once.

Being in conversation with a United Baptist the other day, I asked him what he worshiped; and, of course, he said "God." Then I asked what kind of a being God was, and he told me that He was a spirit. Others tell me that He is a being without body, parts or passions. So we must come to the conclusion that either they are wrong or the Bible is. Now, which shall we believe? I will take the Bible, which contains the word of God in preference to the conjured ideas of any man or set of men; for therein we can find proof positive that God the Eternal Father is a Being, of whom we are in the exact image or likeness, and whose body is composed of flesh and bones. In the very first chapter in the Bible and the 26th verse we can read of God saying "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Now, who can read that passage of scripture and say with any degree of reason that God is a being without body or parts? We all know very well that men have a head, a body, arms and legs, a mouth to eat and talk with, eyes to see with, ears to hear with, etc. Now, if we are the exact image of God, He must have all these things, or the comparison would not be perfect.

We also find from reading the Bible (Gen. xviii.) that the Lord appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, and ate with and talked to him, and had His feet washed. (See Ex. xxxi., 18; xxxiii., 11-22 and also hundreds of places through the Bible). According to Joseph Smith, God has a body of flesh and bones, as tangible as man's.

Jesus also has a body of flesh and bones, for He said to His Apostles after His resurrection, (Luke xxiv., 39) "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." There are also many other passages that I might quote upon the same subject, but this should be proof sufficient to convince any believer in the Bible that God and the Son have fleshly bodies.

From what I have written you can form some idea of what is taught in the world.

How thankful the Saints should be when they gather out of Babylon and get among a people where they can have their children taught the pure word of God as it flows from His servants who are inspired!

May Zion increase in knowledge, virtue, honor, love and all good works, is my prayer.

OUR ADVANTAGES.

BY E. C. COX.

DO the youthful readers of the INSTRUCTOR fully realize the blessings they enjoy, in having their lot cast among the pleasant homes and peaceful vales of Utah? Or, if so, do they appreciate the intervention of an allwise Providence in their behalf, while there are thousands of little children scattered through the world, who have not been so favored, and who, could they change positions with our children to-day,

"Would thank the goodness and the grace,
That smiled upon their birth;
And placed them in these latter days,
On this fair spot of earth."

A great many instances may be cited to show our young readers the truth of this statement, but for want of space, one at present must suffice.

Doctor Isaac Haynes, in a book called "The Land of Desolation," makes some interesting statements respecting the inhabitants of the upper side of the Arctic circle.

In 1869, he visited the home of Peter Jansen, which is nearer the north pole than any other white man's house on the earth. The family consisted of Peter Jansen, his wife, and three small children, whose names were: Johana, Maria, and Julius Christian; and until Doctor Hayes visited them, those little ones had never seen a strange white man, and could scarcely form an idea how a little white boy or girl would look. He says that our more favored boys and girls would certainly laugh at the first sight of the Jansen children, for they have no idea how large children are in that far off country, when they are dressed, which is nearly all the year round. They present the appearance of living puff balls, bound up in seal skins, for their entire clothing is made up of the skins of animals.

When the long giant of a night comes on (which is of several months' duration) the house is banked up with snow, the little windows are doubled, the stoves and lamps are kept burning all the time, and the little Jansens get tired of sleeping, and crawl out from under the piles of eider down, hungry and wide awake. They eat and play until they are tired, then sleep again, and wonder when the daylight will come. During the long winter night the children cannot go out of doors, because it is so cold, a great deal colder than our thermometer can measure. And could they go out, they would find only ice, snow and wind to play with, and neither sun nor moon to give them any light, which must, indeed, be dismal.

At that time Peter Jansen governed sixty-two savages, for which service Denmark paid him a yearly salary of twenty-five dollars. Governor Jansen is a hunter, and hunts bears, foxes, reindeers and seals, and with the aid of his savages, gather about five thousand dollars worth of skins and furs; Governor Jansen's share being two hundred and fifty dollars—not a very bright prospect for the little Jansens leaving their dreary home.

This instance of the dreary existence of this little family, is strongly contrasted with the comfortable surroundings and happy homes of the youth of Deseret. Some other time I may cite other instances of isolation, and cases of youthful suffering, and more reasons for thankfulness and congratulation that we are surrounded with such favorable circumstances, and basking in the divine favor of our Heavenly Father, with peace and plenty in our midst; whilst the demon of war darkens the eastern horizon, and famine and pestilence stalk through the nations. Learn to be

thankful, dear children, that your home is not in the dreary regions of the Arctic circle. Be thankful also that it is not in the midst of famine and pestilence; neither where war is spreading death and desolation around. But above all be thankful that you are in the place where your Heavenly Father desires you to be, that you have the privilege of helping to build up His kingdom, and bring about His purposes upon the earth. And should you feel ready to complain of your lot, just contrast the misery existing in the world, with the blessings you enjoy in your own happy homes, and you will have sufficient cause to be thankful. No people are so highly favored as the Saints.

Correspondence.

PAINTSVILLE, JOHNSON CO., KENTUCKY,

February 23rd, 1880.

Elder George C. Lambert,

DEAR BROTHER:—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines, to inform you of our welfare. We are all enjoying good health, and are doing our best to spread the principles of the everlasting gospel.

President Morgan has paid us a visit, which was very much appreciated by us, as well as by the Saints, and I think his visit will result in much good. He left us on the 16th of January, and President McDonald accompanied him as far as Piketon, where they met Brothers Helm and Fife. They held some meetings there, after which President McDonald returned, accompanied by Brother Helm.

The day after they left, Brother Butterfield and I started for Marion Co., Kentucky. We went as far as Logan Co., West Virginia, where we have labored for five weeks past, with good prospects for the future. We have held fifteen meetings during that time, which were well attended. Many friends have been raised up for us, which we feel very thankful to the Lord for.

Some of the Saints are making preparations to gather with the first company, which will leave about the 20th of March. The Saints here feel well as a general thing, and have the spirit of gathering.

A man by the name of Barnes, has been in Paintsville for nearly three weeks, holding a series of meetings. He formerly belonged to the Presbyterian church, but has left it. He says he belongs to no church, and calls himself a free communion preacher. He professes to have direct revelation, and tells the people that the Lord will never call them to account for sin. He says he never puts on his coat, shoes or anything, unless the Lord tells him to. Nearly five hundred persons have joined him since he has been in this place. After they would profess religion, he would permit them to join any church. There were Methodists, Baptists and Campbellites all in the water, being baptized together. Eight thousand have been converted by him during the last three years. Our Elders have done a great deal of preaching here, but their testimonies have been rejected, which brings to my mind the saying of St. Paul to the Thessalonians (11 Thess., ii., 11-12): "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

If we were of the world, the world would love us; but we are not of the world, and that is the reason we are mocked, ridiculed and persecuted, while the world loves its own.

I have just received a letter from President McDonald, requesting us to meet him at Louisa, Lawrence Co., on the 28th inst.; he thinks there may be some good done there.

Ever praying for your welfare, and that of all the faithful Saints, I remain your brother in the gospel of Christ,

GORDON S. BILLS.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

WE can imagine how Joseph would have enjoyed himself had he ever reached these mountains. How he would have rejoiced in the freedom he would have had here! From his youth he was a persecuted and hunted man; he scarcely ever saw a day's peace. Mobs and wicked men were continually forming plans to destroy him. But could he have reached here, he would have enjoyed liberty without being molested. He knew this, and it was his desire to come here, and to have the people established here; for he knew and predicted that the Saints would become a mighty people in the Rocky Mountains. But all his plans and hopes were overturned by the persuasions and remonstrances of cowardly, selfish persons, who ought to have been his friends, and who, instead of entreating him to go back, should have helped him to carry out that which God revealed to him. When men whom God has chosen to act in authority are led to give certain counsel, or to take a certain course, the person who seeks to change that counsel, or to divert them from that course, incurs a fearful responsibility. Yet it is frequently done. There are many people who are not willing to have the man who has the authority dictate what shall be done; they can not trust him; they have some better plan to suggest. In this way counsel is darkened, the Spirit of God is grieved and trouble follows. We have noticed, from the days of which we write until the present, that whenever men were reluctant to adopt the plans and counsel of those in authority, and urged their own in the stead, that God's blessing did not rest upon them. When a man has the right to counsel and to decide what shall be done, and his mind is clear on the point, there should be no division on the subject, and men who do not have the authority should never presume to suggest other plans, as superior to that of the man who presides.

The instructions of Joseph's wife, Emma, to the men whom she requested to cross the river, and entreat him to return to Nauvoo, were well carried out. She had sent the same message by Brother O. P. Rockwell; but he knew his duty too well to attempt to use any influence of that kind with Joseph. Not so with the others, they felt as Emma did about Joseph's return, and were earnest advocates of her suggestion. When it was decided to return, Joseph and Hyrum wrote a letter to Governor Ford. In this Joseph stated that his only objection to a trial at Carthage was on account of assassins and the fear of deathly consequences from their hands. But now he and Hyrum offered to go out to Carthage as early as it would be convenient for him to send a *posse* to escort them to head-quarters; provided they could have a fair trial, not be abused, and have all things done in due form of law and without partiality. They told him when and where they would meet the *posse*, if the letter should be satisfactory. He also wrote other letters, one to an attorney and one to a witness whom he wished to meet at Carthage.

He then, accompanied by Hyrum, Dr. Richards, O. P. Rockwell, and others, started back with the intention of crossing the river to Nauvoo. As they walked towards the

river he fell behind with O. P. Rockwell. The others shouted to him to come on. Joseph replied:

"It is of no use to hurry, for we are going back to be slaughtered."

This thought was evidently uppermost in his mind. He continually expressed the wish to get the people together that night to talk to them once more. O. Porter Rockwell said, if that was his wish he would collect the people, and he could talk to them by starlight. But when they arrived at his mansion, and his family surrounded him, he tarried there all night and gave up the idea of preaching to the Saints by starlight.

Colonel Theodore Turley and Elder Jedediah M. Grant were the bearers of his letter to Governor Ford, at Carthage. Upon reading it, the governor agreed to send a *posse* to escort Joseph in safety to Carthage. But, immediately afterwards, a lawyer by the name of Skinner came in and made a very bitter speech to the governor about Joseph; he was joined in this by Wilson Law, the apostate, and Joseph H. Jackson, a man who had been guilty of almost every crime. They told him naught but lies. This conduct caused Elder Grant to ask if messengers to him were to be insulted in that manner. The poor, pitiful creature of a governor was so easily influenced by what these enemies said to him, that he treated the brethren coldly, and took back the promise he had made about sending an escort to accompany Joseph. It was an honor, he said, not given to any other citizen. Neither would he suffer the brethren to stay in Carthage through the night; but ordered them to start for Nauvoo at 10 o'clock, and carry orders to Joseph to be at Carthage by 10 o'clock the next morning without an escort. He threatened that if Joseph did not give himself up at that time, Nauvoo would be destroyed, and all the men, women and children that were in it. The horses of the brethren were so tired that they did not reach Nauvoo until 4 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. They reported to Joseph the excitement which prevailed in Carthage; but he had promised to go there, and he was determined to go and give himself up to the governor. No warning of the trouble likely to occur at Carthage had any effect upon him then; he had made up his mind.

On the morning of the 24th, Joseph, accompanied by the eighteen brethren, whom Francis M. Higbee, under oath, had accused of a riot in destroying the *Nauvoo Expositor* press, and several other brethren, started for Carthage. When they got to the Temple, Joseph paused and looked with admiration upon that building, and then upon the city, and remarked:

"This is the loveliest place and the best people under the heavens; little do they know the trials that await them."

As he passed out of the city, he called on Brother Daniel H. Wells, who was unwell, and who was not at that time in the Church; and on parting he said:

"Squire Wells, I wish you to cherish my memory, and not think me the worst man in the world either."

Four miles from Carthage they met a company of about sixty mounted militia, under the command of a Captain Dunn. On seeing them Joseph said to the brethren:

"Do not be alarmed, brethren, for they cannot do more to you than the enemies of the truth did to the ancient Saints—they can only kill the body."

(To be Continued.)

He who spits against the wind spits in his own face.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1880.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HONESTY is the best policy." This is a very old and true maxim, and one that is often quoted. But is there no higher and better reason why people should be honest than because policy suggests that they should be so—than because it pays to be honest? We think so. A person should be honest from principle—because it is *right* to be honest. If a person is honest merely because there is a prospect of his losing something by dishonesty, he is very likely to change his tactics when the prospect changes. If a person observes the law and does right from fear of punishment only, he is liable to do wrong when the penalty of wrong-doing is not before his eyes. Persons who are governed by policy only are very much like the Indian who encouraged his squaw in stealing, and enjoyed the fruits of her theft until she was caught, and then became so shocked that he whipped her soundly for it—for being caught at it, not for the stealing.

Policy may say as the unprincipled money-king did, when questioned as to the quickest and surest way of gaining honor and power: "Get money, honestly if you can; if not honestly, *get it!*"

Policy may say: "Borrow of your friends, get all you can on credit; invest the means in something that will yield a profit; let your creditors wait for their pay till you have made your capital double or treble itself, and you will then have a start in the world. You may make enemies of your few creditors, but the world generally will accredit you with shrewd business tact."

Policy may say: "Get credit abroad, on the endorsement of friends, or any way, so you get it. Go into business extensively. Make a great display. Gain the good will of all your acquaintances by great liberality. Run as long as your creditors will remain easy; and when they get too anxious, consign your property for safe keeping to confidential friends on bogus deeds or bills of sale, take the benefit of the bankrupt act, and pay five cents on the dollar. Your creditors being at a distance, your acquaintances are not likely to hear much from them, but will set you down as being a good, liberal fellow, but a little unfortunate. You can begin immediately to manipulate the means consigned to your trusty friends—in their names, of course. You can live as well as ever; your bankruptcy will soon be forgotten, and you will be regarded as a marvel of energy and enterprise."

Policy may say: "Start a manufacturing business. Employ workmen, when work is scarce and laborers abundant, at starvation prices. Pay them ten per cent of their earnings, or as little as they will work for. Never mind if they cannot live. They've no business to be poor! Look out for as large a profit as possible for yourself, even if their families should starve. When you get to be wealthy the world will call you a great financier."

Policy may say: "Organize a joint stock company to carry on some enterprise. Get all the poor and simple-minded people you can to take stock in it. Get the management of the business. Run it in such a manner that it will not pay expenses. Circulate rumors of failure. Call for frequent assessments; and when the poor stockholders get excited, buy their shares at ten cents on the dollar, get sole control of the business and make a fortune at it."

But principle would say to all these suggestions of policy, that it would be wrong, morally wrong, to be guilty of any of these things; and if a man cannot get rich without such dishonorable practices, he had better remain over poor.

We believe that "honesty is the best policy." We believe that honesty will pay. But suppose it wouldn't pay; would that fact justify us in acting dishonestly? Not by any means. We may rest assured that we will be rewarded for every good act that we perform. We may not get a financial reward. We should not expect it. In fact, we should not be prompted by selfish motives at all. We should do good, we should be honest, from principle, and not with the hope of being rewarded for it. At the same time, we have a great reward, in the approval of a good conscience, in the character for fidelity and uprightness that we acquire among our fellows, and in the sanction and blessing of our Father in Heaven.

The Savior taught that men should be governed by principle. He said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is a safe rule for our guidance. However much we may feel tempted to forsake principle in dealing with others, we do not like others to act dishonestly with us.

We need not feel envious of the worldly honor and power that wealth, acquired by dishonest means, will bring to a man. They will not last long. He cannot take his wealth with him when he leaves this life; and the Great Judge of all men will place a very different estimate upon the man to what many of us mortals do.

EVER since the Deseret Sunday School Union has been organized, its officers have cherished the idea of publishing a series of readers for use in the Sunday schools of the Saints, made up of articles by home authors, and containing sentiments in strict conformity with the religious belief of the people. Many text books have been used in the Sunday schools in the past that contain erroneous sentiments, and are not at all suitable for Latter-day Saint children to be taught from. With a view to supplant these, a commencement was made one year ago to carry out the long-cherished design. A little reader, the "First Book for our Little Friends," was published. The price was placed very low, lower a great than imported readers of a similar size were sold at, and the result was, the 5,000 copies issued were all sold in six months. A second edition has since been published, with some improvement in the binding, and now we have under way a Second Reader, which, when issued, will enable the Sunday schools to dispense entirely with the use of imported readers. We hope to have this Second Reader ready for sale about the latter part of April.

In addition the Deseret Sunday School Union publications being cheaper and better suited for our children than those published elsewhere, there is another fact that ought to recommend them: they are home-made. The whole of the work upon them, including printing, binding, etc., from the setting of the type to the selling of the books to the customers, is done at the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office.

ENTERTAINING GRANDMA.

THE little domestic scene represented in our picture, is suggestive of pleasant thoughts. It illustrates the attention and consideration that is due to the aged, from those who are in the hey-day of youth and vigor. It too often happens, that with age comes a sense of dependence and neglect, that is very galling to persons of sensitive feelings. Many old people work harder than they really ought to, because of their dread of being dependent upon relatives or friends, or being considered as burdensome or in the way. Many well-disposed persons, too, in this bustling, busy age, scarcely ever stop to think of the fact that their aged relatives and friends may be suffering from this cause. It never occurs to them that the pathway of these old people might be made much brighter by a little more attention on their part, and the bestowal of those little amenities of life which cost nothing. By degrees, and without knowing it, they are apt to get into the habit of regarding "grandma" as a household fixture, useful only for nursing the baby, knitting, or amusing the children with quaint old stories. And "grandma" too frequently realizes for what she is valued.

Here we have a spirited old lady, one of the "old school," whose youth was spent in a country and in an age in which spinning was one of the accomplishments taught young ladies. She has arrived at a time when she feels keenly the infirmities of age. She is not able to do much, and yet she feels that

she must do something to help pay for her support. So early and late, when her health will permit, she busies herself at her spinning wheel, and feels thankful that she is not entirely dependent on charity.

But her amiable and thoughtful grand-daughter frequently comes into grandma's cottage and begs of her not to work so hard, and, to cheer the old lady, she sometimes brings an entertaining book and reads to her. Her fond embrace and loving kiss, too, drive all the sadness from grandma's heart, and she feels that she has something to live for. She feels happy in possessing the love of such a good, unselfish girl. She knows these kind actions are not at all prompted by a desire for gain, with the hope of receiving a rich legacy at her death, for she has no worldly goods to bequeath. She therefore attributes them to their true source, a loving, kind and thoughtful disposition; a disposition to do good, to confer happiness in a quiet unobtrusive way. She sees reflected in the young girl's character all the attributes that go to make up the model woman, the ideal woman of the old school.

The necessary goodness of heart is shown in her attention to, and consideration for her aged relative. Her neatness, modesty and lack of vanity, are manifest in the plain simplicity of her apparel, contrasting strongly with the butterflies of fashion that so abound in this extravagant age. Her industry is shown in her willingness to screen the old lady from labor, and her readiness to do it all herself. She is intellectual, and has good judgment, as is shown by her choice of



books, and her manner of entertaining "grandma." Her ability to relieve, by her presence, the aged, care-worn heart from all sorrow, and to bring peace and joy into the cottage, is proof of her charming, cheerful temperament.

Happy is the man who gets such a treasure of a girl for a wife! He may count with certainty on her being a help-meet indeed, as the Almighty designed that woman should be to man. No danger of her ruining him by her extravagance! No danger of her insisting upon putting on more style, and fitting up more extravagantly to commence housekeeping, than her parents can afford to, after being married thirty years! No danger of her feigning delicacy, scornful to do household work, and trying to "play the lady," by spending her time in listless idleness, while servants wait upon her! No danger of her neglecting home duties, and aspiring to positions which nature never qualified her to fill! No danger of her entering the giddy whirlpool of fashion, and wrecking her own and her family's health, happiness and financial prospects, by attempting to meet its fickle demands, and keep up a false display! No danger of her considering her offspring as a troublesome encumbrance, that should be extremely limited in number! Indeed, there is every prospect of her becoming a sensible, loving, considerate wife and mother; and we wish the same could be said, truthfully, of all the girls growing up in our community.

THE THREE ERAS.

BY HANNAH T. KING

(Concluded.)

THERE have been in all ages, women who have been an honor to their sex, and to human nature; and I can but think that, were men more what they ought to be, women would rise higher in a moral and intellectual scale. Would they but treat her as a rational, responsible creature, with honesty and candor, not with flatteries which their judgment condemns, or with idle, unmeaning compliments, which a sensible woman looks upon as ridiculous. I again repeat that I believe it is in the power of man to exalt the female character, even in these boasted enlightened days, to a far higher standard than at present. Women naturally feel a desire to attain what men admire; therefore, the higher they raise the standard, the higher and more exalted will be her character. It is certain a man has it in his power to make a woman, who is attached to him, almost anything he wishes; he can mould her to his will, often to her own injury. It is her very nature to seek for support, for consolation, for assistance and direction; to look up to some one, whom her vivid fancy and warm affections paint as a superior being. One who would encourage her by a kind word or look of approval, when she acted right; or silently and tenderly point out the faults that most easily beset her; raise her mind from the frivolity by which she is so often surrounded, and fix it on objects of higher import; encourage her by his own bright example, and guide her by his own wise counsel. Would he then have to complain of her frivolity, her weakness and incapacity? Surely not. Would she not rather be the co-mate and companion spirit of his earthly pilgrimage; the friend who would cheer him in disaster, rouse him in danger, rejoice in success; in distress, his comfort; in prosperity, his better fortune; in triumph, his fairest laurel? Man has been constituted by

unerring wisdom, the head; but let him not boast the title, but rather in deep humility, ponder the mighty responsibility of such a position. Let him be sure his own lamp is trimmed and burning, so that those who are called the "weaker vessels" of the household, may see the way and walk therein. Woman was made a "help-meet" for him, and she will be found well worthy his cherishing, his honoring, and his love! The more grand and great the character of man is, the more she will acknowledge him her lord! For she has keen perceptions, and her intuition borders on revelation.

There is another character in which woman has a powerful claim on you—your mother. Oh! let her never be displaced from your heart of hearts! Her love is so pure, so perfectly disinterested, so different to any other, that you need not be afraid that it will interfere with any other love, or divide your heart. Your happiness is too precious to her, to allow her to endanger it in the slightest degree; indeed, your happiness must also be hers. Can you say and feel as much for her? Happy are you if you can. For years she was your nurse, your watchful attendant by day and by night; often she has bent over you when sleeping, and dedicated you to God, asked Him to bless you, to hold you in the hollow of His hand, and deliver you from evil. No friend can ever be like her, and death alone has the power to separate you; and will she not rise from death your guardian angel? For are you not bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh? And does all this love and affection claim no return? Or rather, does it not claim the devotion of a life? I fear we all come short here, even when we try to do our best. But if the heart is right, the actions will largely correspond, and our parents, in their overflowing kindness, will accept the will for the imperfect deed.

I have one more vein of the female character to present to you—your sisters. As a brother, you have important duties to perform; in that sweet relation, the best attributes of your nature may be called forth; you can be the friend, the supporter, the kind adviser who shall direct her steps.

"Bright seraphs pausing on the wing,

"Might gaze on and approve,

"That beauteous and precious thing—

"An elder sister's love."

Where children are brought up in unity and love, whom do the sisters look upon as a superior being, as one who they know is their friend, their tried and ready friend; one whom they look up to with pride, with love, with the best and purest feelings of earthly devotion; one in whose weal or woe their pulse will ever beat in unison? It is their brother. Alas! these feelings are not so often reciprocal as they ought to be; but let it be your study to excite and nurture such holy, such kindly, such congenial sentiments; they conduce in a very high degree to the well-being of society and domestic happiness, and suffer no one to erase them from your heart.

The inspired Psalmist exclaims with holy rapture, "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity!" When consanguinity, love and friendship bind a family together, how goodly a sight it is! And woe to those who would en, or even loosen the threefold cord! It is in such relations that the best feelings of human nature shine pre-eminently, and give us a faint idea of that union of spirit, that wedding of the mind, which we love to portray, as the material of that "visional happiness," which is the portion of the blessed in heaven. Oh! my children, be ever kindly affectioned one to another; have one heart, one mind, one soul; and if such holy feelings cement you here, however you may separate on earth, think of the glorious re-union we

shall all have in the mansions of eternal love and everlasting bliss!

And now I must close these papers that I have had such pleasure in writing. May the blessing of the Lord our God be upon you, may He pour upon you continually the healthful spirit of His grace; and may the union which exists between us here, be extended to a brighter and a far better existence, is the prayer of your mother.

A PRESIDENTIAL LEVEE.

BY BEFF.

IT was announced in the papers, that the last presidential reception would take place on Saturday evening, February 7th, 1880, and I resolved to go. I had been in Washington nearly three weeks, without an opportunity of seeing His Excellency, and this was an occasion not to be missed. It was one in which the *elite* of the city, as well as sojourning visitors and strangers, would throng the White House; and it would, no doubt, present many interesting features, aside from the honor of an introduction to President and Mrs. Hayes.

The reception was to last from eight till ten o'clock, and it was but a few minutes past the first hour when I approached the executive mansion, but, to my surprise, the entrance and portico in front of it, were densely thronged.

I was soon in the midst of the crowd that was surging through the hall, and was borne in by the human tide, through two or three succeeding apartments towards the Blue Room, in which the ceremony of receiving was taking place. I had come prepared to see a great number of people, but such a jam as I now found myself in, was entirely unexpected. On passing through the hall, we entered an apartment surrounded on three sides by shelves, divided into square compartments, each of the latter being numbered. Here the gentlemen doffed their hats and overcoats, which were placed, by servants in attendance, in the square compartments, and a numbered check given to the owner, by which to claim them when the affair should be over. Into this room the crowd surged, and it was laughable to see gentlemen, young, old, fat, lean, dignified, and otherwise, wriggling and squirming in the effort to divest themselves of their overcoats, in the midst of a crowd so dense that at times one's feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor.

I managed to get out of my overcoat, and, quickly reaching it and my hat to a servant, received a check therefor, and was borne onward towards the Blue Room.

At the door of the latter stood a gentleman in white kid gloves and swallow-tail coat, who checked the throng somewhat, so as not to allow them to enter faster than they could be introduced. Passing into the Blue Room, there stood, close upon your right, a young man, and next to him stood President Hayes. You gave your name to the young man, Webb Hayes, who then introduced you to his father, the President, who then shook hands with you. A step further on, and you gave your name again to Col. Casey, at whose right stood Mrs. Hayes. He then introduced you to her, and she shook hands with you, after which you passed on across the apartment and into the East Room, a very large and magnificently furnished parlor.

This ordeal through with, and you had "seen the elephant," though your time for taking observations was limited to a

few seconds. You had no time to discuss politics or religion with His Excellency, nor even to comment on the state of the weather. The eager throng behind you admonished you to "move on" and give some one else a turn.

The east apartment is so large, that, for a time, there was room in which to move around quite freely, and elegantly dressed ladies made the most of the opportunity by spreading out the long trains of their more or less magnificent costumes, and promenading gracefully up and down. As the reception was for the general public, various classes were, of course, represented. Most of the gentlemen wore ordinary suits, and many of the ladies were dressed no more elaborately than those of a Sabbath congregation in a fashionable church would be; but some of the ladies wore the most magnificent and expensive costumes, costing, in some instances, jewels included, several thousand dollars. The thought may have been ungallant and even illbred, but I could not help being reminded, as these ladies paced the carpet dragging their long trains of rich goods, of a barn-yard full of peacocks with tails wide-spread, strutting about to catch glances of admiration that might be bestowed.

I had expected to witness elegant and dignified manners and methods in the company, but my experience in the coat room had partly prepared me for more commonplace conduct. But a scene awaited me which I certainly would not have dreamed of witnessing at a presidential levee at the White House. At nine o'clock the crowd came pouring in with increasing numbers, and the various apartments became, what might be termed, packed. The incoming throng pressed so hard for a time as to prevent those who were in from passing out of the building. In the meantime the crowd was becoming so dense and the atmosphere so oppressive in the East Room and adjoining apartments, as to make those present extremely uncomfortable.

At this juncture, in an apartment adjoining the East Room, a window looking out on the veranda was opened, a chair placed under it, and two ushers, one on each side, commenced to help people out of the window! An elegantly dressed lady would gather her train over her arm, step her foot on the chair and out she would go with a bounce! Next a gentleman would be shot through, and next, perhaps, some fat old lady would be thus unceremoniously dumped out of the executive mansion. I stood and watched this method of egress for some time. There was such a rush for fresh air and freedom that people were glad to get either, even at the expense of an undignified exit from a window; and bounce, bounce, bounce they went, just as fast as the ushers could pop them through the window.

The ludicrousness of such a scene at a reception by the President of the United States, and in his palatial residence at the Capitol too, so touched my risibles that I had to laugh outright.

At about half-past nine I decided to make an effort to secure my overcoat and get out of the building if I could. The crowd kept coming into the coat room from outside, and those who, like myself, wanted to leave, were also crowding in. But I at length elbowed my way up to the counter in front of the shelves on which the overcoats were deposited. The colored men-servants behind the counter were so busy receiving and giving out coats and hats that I had to wait sometime before I succeeded in getting the attention of one of them. In the meantime a tall thin gentleman with a high Roman nose, on which was a pair of gold rimmed eye-glasses, elbowed his way up to the counter. He had just come in and was

late, and evidently in a hurry to be introduced. He got his overcoat off at length, and then commenced calling to the colored men: "Say, can I get this checked? I say! Any probability of my getting this checked to night?" But the servants were busy and did not wait upon him. He wadded up his overcoat and hat, laid them on the counter, and called out again: "Say! Any probability—any prob—" but the servants were busy waiting on some one else. "D—n it! I'll take it with me then!" and he wadded his overcoat under his arm, took his hat in his hand, and elbowed his way in to be ntrol need to the President.

Soon after this the crowd ceased pressing in, and I joined the outgoing tide. Just as I stepped out on the veranda I heard a voice say: "The next time I attend a presidential levee it will take just one hundred dollars to pay me!" I looked, and saw that the speaker was a very fat man, and I was at once convinced of his sincerity. It must have been extremely trying to one so corpulent.

The music of the band, the magnificence of the furnishings in the various apartments, and the rich costumes I had seen, and, above all, the opportunity to see, face to face, the President and his wife, had well repaid me for going. But the crowding, the squeezing, and the ludicrous scenes I witnessed, seemed to me highly inconsistent with the grand occasion of a state reception given by the chief magistrate of this great republic, in the executive mansion.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE Old Tabernacle that formerly occupied the present site of the handsome new Assembly Hall, was once the scene of a most inglorious episode in my life, which I am frequently reminded of when I see any of those who, as my youthful companions, were present on the occasion.

On a sultry summer afternoon a half dozen or more playful boys, myself among the number, occupied one of the seats in that building farthest removed from the speaker. On the seat immediately in front of them sat a man on whom the preacher's discourse or the hot weather, or both, seemed to have rather a somnolent effect. With his head leaned backward and his mouth open, he slept, while his breath came and went in fitful snatches and small explosions. He was soon the center of attraction for quite an extended circle of interested, if not admiring auditors. The nervous ladies in the vicinity doubtless eyed him with a good deal of concern, as the agonized manner of his breathing probably led them to expect that every succeeding hitch in his breath would be a permanent one. The boys found amusement in watching his snoring struggles, while the pious old men, anxious to hear the preaching, looked daggers at him for creating such a disturbance. All at once an idea occurred to a large boy on the end of the seat behind him, who, by the way, was a great practical joker. Drawing from his pocket a long lead pencil he passed it along the row of boys to where I sat, behind the sleeper, and motioned for me to tickle him with it. The other boys also immediately joined in urging me to do it as an excellent joke, and entering into the spirit of the fun I assented. Reaching over with the pencil, I tickled him about the ear, causing him to wake up with a start, and all the boys to laugh.

In a few moments, however, our drowsy neighbor apparently asped into another doze. I say *apparently* for I believed afterwards that he was only feigning sleep—throwing out a

little chaff to catch the birds who were annoying him, which I was silly enough to mistake for real grain.

Flattered by my success the first time, and the encouragement I received from the other boys, I tried the tickling process again, when lo! to my surprise and chagrin, he whirled, as I was in the act, and struck me a blow over the head.

I looked at the boys, and saw that they were nearly convulsed with laughter at my expense, and then I looked at the man, and felt as if I would like to do something desperate. But then it was a place of worship, and besides he was much older and stronger than I was, and discretion forbade my retaliating there. The boys prevented me from hitting him with a cobble stone as he emerged from the door after the service was closed, and by the time I next saw the man my anger had worn off and I had concluded that he served me right.

I learned a lesson by my experience that day, in fact two or three of them.

I learned that when a sleepy man is tickled in meeting, no matter who the instigators are, if he has spirit enough to resent it, it is generally the fellow at the other end of the pencil who has to suffer the consequence.

I learned that when a person indulges in any foolishness for the sake of affording amusement to jovial or thoughtless companions, he can't count with any certainty on their sympathy when his acts lead him into trouble. Laughter is cheap, and they can afford to indulge in it while their heads are in no danger.

I learned that a house of worship is not exactly the place to play practical jokes in.

I learned that there are other ways (and more congenial ways at least to one party) of waking a sleeping man in meeting than getting a small boy to tickle him about the ear with a pencil.

The joker who handed me the pencil is now a prominent and portly Bishop in our Church, and I—well, I think I am a little wiser if not better than when I used that pencil.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.—Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions, and spend one penny less than thy clear gains; then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brightly, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and places thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with the morning and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin*.

HIDDEN virtue is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.

AGRICULTURE AMONG THE NEPHITES.

BY G. R.

THE London *Punch* once asked Douglas Jerrold to write some advice to persons about to marry; to which request he complied in the single word, "Don't;" which, by the way, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, is the very worst advice he could have given. Were I asked to write a treatise on agriculture among the ancient Lamanites, our essay would be about as short; I should simply say, "the Lamanites were not an agricultural people." With the Nephites, on the contrary, it was entirely different. With them agriculture formed the basis of their prosperity, and was the leading industry through all their history.

No sooner had Lehi and his little colony arrived on the promised land, than they commenced the cultivation of the soil, planting therein the seeds they had brought with them from the land of Judea, which to their great joy yielded abundantly. The grains and fruits of the Asiatic continent were found to flourish as luxuriantly in the soil of America, as in their native land. This not only held good in the land of the Nephites' first inheritance, but also in the lands of their later possession—Nephi, Zarahemla, etc., as all through the Book of Mormon we have occasional references (incidental to the story of their history) to the success that attended their farming operations. Nor must it be imagined that their business was carried on in the primitive manner that characterizes the labors of Laman's degenerate descendants to-day. Agricultural machinery, and "all manner of tools of every kind, to till the ground," are mentioned by more than one writer.

Of cereals, corn, wheat and barley appear to have been, as in the land of their forefathers, the staple crops. If we mistake not, oats are never mentioned in the Bible, nor is rye spoken of more than once or twice. In the Book of Mormon, we have no recollection of the mention of either of these grains. On the other hand they appear to have cultivated grains with which we are unacquainted, known to them by the names of neas and sheum. Had there been any English equivalents to these words, we should doubtless have had them as in the other cases, instead of the original Nephite names.

All kinds of fruit flourished under their careful cultivation. Special reference is several times made to vineyards and grape culture, as well as to the manufacture of wine. Like the moderns, they understood the secret of fortifying or strengthening it with liquor or alcohol, of which knowledge they took advantage when paying tribute to the Lamanites, in cases when they intended to escape from their taskmasters while the latter were under the influence of this intoxicating drink.

It is evident from the sacred record, that the Nephites carried on their farming very much in the same manner, and for very much the same reasons, as the early settlers in Utah. When a new colony was planted, a town or village was built in a suitable location, somewhat after the style of our early forts. This city or settlement was generally named after the founder or the leader of the colony. The farming land contiguous was called by the same name. The land was tilled in every convenient place round the city, and when the Lamanites appeared, or other danger threatened, the people retreated into their place of refuge, in the center of their lands. As an example, we will cite the case of the followers of Alma, in the

land of Helam. When the army of the Lamanites made their unwelcome appearance, the people were mostly engaged in tilling the soil. At the coming of the dreaded foe, they gathered with all haste into the city, to await developments and to receive the counsel their wise, brave and good leader should give them. By his advice, the men went out of the city in a body, and made a treaty with the Lamanites, which the latter, as soon as their purposes were accomplished, failed to keep.

It is probable that in many parts of the continent, some system of irrigation was adopted to raise the crops. But this was not necessary in all portions of the Nephite possessions; we are inclined to think it was not so in the cultivated portions of the valley of the Sidon. Certain it is that when the righteous Nephi (the father of one of the Twelve Apostles chosen by Jesus from amongst the Israel of this western continent), called upon the Lord, at his request a famine desolated the land. The sacred historian records: "For the earth was smitten that it was dry, and did not yield forth grain in the season of grain." But when the people had repented and Nephi had pleaded in their behalf, it is written, "And it came to pass in the seventy-sixth year (B. C. 16), the Lord did turn away his anger from the people, and caused that rain should fall upon the earth, insomuch that it did bring forth her fruit in the season of her fruit. And it came to pass that it did bring forth her grain, in the season of her grain." We judge from this, that in those days the Nephite agriculturist depended on the direct rains from heaven; for it appears that in the same year that they fell, the grain harvest was reaped, and the fruit harvest gathered. But it is unsafe to form positive theories on these points, until we fully understand the great changes that took place on the face of the land, with consequent alterations of climate, etc., at the time of the great convulsions that attended the crucifixion of our Lord and Savior.

Except in the days of their excessive pride and ungodly arrogance, the calling of the agriculturist among the Nephites, was a most honorable one, as in truth it should be among all people. King Mosiah, the beloved, reminds the people that, to prevent their taxes being grievous, he himself "did till the earth" for his support, and to maintain the expenses of the monarchy. With this royal example, it is no wonder that the farmer and the horticulturist were esteemed amongst the greatest of nature's noblemen.

The Nephites were also successful stock-raisers; their flocks and herds formed no inconsiderable portion of their wealth. The abundance of their horned stock, sheep, goats, wild goats, horses, "fatlings," etc., are frequently referred to. To this industry the Lamanites, who were great meat-eaters, also gave considerable attention. It was a business that suited their semi-civilization. It did not tie them down so completely to one spot, as did agriculture and manufactures. But it is a notable fact, that whenever any bodies of Lamanites passed over to the Nephites, they not only adopted the latter's religion and faith, but also their mode of living, and became skilled in the pursuits of industry. As an example, we read, in the days of the Judges, of many of these people joining the people of Ammon (their former brethren), when they "did begin to labor exceedingly, tilling the ground, raising all manner of grain, and flocks and herds of every kind." (Book of Mormon, new edition, p. 424).

NOTHING can be great which is not right.

CHILDREN, DO YOU LOVE EACH OTHER?

MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

1. Children, do you love each oth - er? Are you always kind and true? Do you always do to oth - ers
2. Lit - tle chil - dren, love each oth - er, Nev - er give an - oth - er pain; If your brother speaks in ang - er

As you'd have them do to you? Are you gen - tle to each oth - er? Are you care - ful,
Answer not in wrath a - gain; Be not self - ish to each oth - er, Nev - er mar an

day by day, Not to give of - fense by actions, Or by an - y thing you say?
oth - er's rest, Strive to make each oth - er hap - py And you will your - self be blest.

ORIGIN OF THE SAYING
"NAKED TRUTH."

BY H. C.

'Twas just past noon, one summer's day,
When Truth was plodding on his way
To the next town, to see a friend,
And there a party to attend.
Leisurely he walked along,
Listening to the bird's sweet song,
And to the murmur'ing stream that flowed
Along beside the dusty road.
"This sun is very warm!" quoth he,
"I'll take a seat beneath this tree.
"Its pleasant shade I can't resist,
"Inviting me to take a rest."
So, prone upon the ground he sat,
And fanned himself with his straw hat.
He had not thus been sitting long
When Falsehood chanced to come along,
And, seeing Truth, beside him sat,
And straight the two began to chat.
"Tis very warm, I do declare!
"And, if the time you can but spare,
"We'll have a bath," Falsehood proposed,
"That is, if you feel so disposed."
"Agreed!" cried Truth, "in this clear stream
"Is just the place to have a swim!"
Each strips himself of all his clothes,
And in the placid water goes.
"How cool this is!" cried Truth with glee,
And straight across the stream swam he:

But, looking back, to his surprise,
Saw Falsehood—could he believe his eyes?—
Upon the other shore, and dressed
In Truth's own clothing of the best.
In vain did Truth the scamp demand
To leave his clothes upon the sand.
He would not listen to a word,
No more than if he had not heard,
But finished dressing and went on
The road until he reached the town.
Disguised as Truth, Falsehood went out,
Deceiving many thereabout;
While honest Truth, ashamed to wear
Falsehood's clothes, of course went bare.
And now, you see, my smiling youth,
Whence came the saying, "Naked Truth."

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